

GOLD MILLIONS BURIED IN THE TOMBS OF LOST SHIPS ARE NOW SOUGHT BY DARING BRITISH DIVERS IN SEA DEPTHS

ADVENTUROUS GIRL SEEKS TO RECOVER SPANIARDS' WEALTH

Margaret Naylor, Thrilled by the Atmosphere of Real Adventure in Seeking to Salvage the Gold Sunk With the Armada, Almost Loses Her Life in Treacherous Sands Under Surface of Tobermory Bay—Trapped Under Sea.

GLASGOW, Scotland,
BURIED treasure! Span-
ish gold!

Doesn't the heart thrill at the mere mention of the words? Doesn't the very echo sweep away the centuries and make you forget? Do not the phrases make you wish for the days of real adventure?

So the thought stirred Margaret Naylor, the pretty secretary to Col. K. M. Foss, when she was told that her employer was to be one of the directors of the romantic task of salvaging the famous Spanish galleon, *Almirante de Florence*, the treasure ship of the Invincible Armada, which was destroyed almost four centuries ago. And now, Miss Naylor is recovering from one of the most melodramatic periods in the life of any girl.

TRAPPED UNDER THE SEA.

The treasure ship lay off shore, seventy feet under the surface of Tobermory bay, on the wild Scottish coast. The company of gentlemen adventurers are working on a big scale with special apparatus, a fleet of vessels, sand sucking tubes, divers and great grappling irons.

Florence Naylor was thrilled by the atmosphere of adventure in Colonel Foss' office and the British army itself would not have been sufficient to keep her off the boat from which the divers were working.

Then she studied all the literature on diving available, questioned the divers themselves, and finally startled the Colonel by demanding that she be permitted to go down and try her luck at locating the gold.

They laughed at her first, then seeing that she was serious, pooh-poohed and tut-tutted the suggestion, but Margaret was a girl not to be denied. She insisted that she be given one chance, pointing out that there could be no danger, that she was young and strong and capable as a man, and finally she wanted to go below—and below she went.

She looked no flapper as, after pulling on the heavy rubber suit, the girl thrust her feet into the weighted shoes and helped the master diver clamp the huge helmet over her head. Every precaution was taken for her safety, for the men had misgivings about the entire idea and made no bones about saying so.

But Margaret waved her hand, as she was lowered overside on the ladder with ropes and awkwardly descended. Here is her own story of what followed:

"I wasn't afraid, for there seemed nothing to be afraid of. It was not exactly a swimming costume that I wore, with 170 pounds of rubber, lead and iron enasing me, but it was a lark—or so it seemed!

"The treasure is supposed to be seventy feet below the surface. Just before I went down the ladder we agreed on a pull up signal.

"My telephone was out of order; that was the first cheerful thing I discovered as I touched bottom and started to walk around. I could telephone to the men on the boat and they could understand me, at first, but I could not get their replies at all.

"I got down more than twenty feet, and then there was some misunderstanding about the signalling.

"They say that they gave me a signal, but I did not get it. Anyhow, they began to haul me up. Then I got another real thrill. "One of my feet had got stuck in the bottom rung of the ladder, and I could not move it.

"As they pulled steadily and strongly, I could feel the helmet being pulled over and off my head.

DEATH VERY NEAR.

"I felt myself slipping lower and lower in the diving dress. It seems a ridiculous position for a girl, doesn't it? but it didn't then.

"I was certain that I was going to die, but in the nick of time I managed to get hold of the life line and gave it a jerk.

"At the same time I managed to get my foot free. Gradually I got myself back into position in the diving dress and went on climbing up the ladder.

"But I was a sorry sight when they finally got me above the surface and about the boat. My nose and mouth were bleeding wildly and I was quite all in."

"But the fact on the part of the company of gentlemen adventurers is that they are not in the least bit concerned about the girl's health."

SEEKING SPANISH TREASURE IN GALLEON OF LOST ARMADA



THE GREATEST ADVENTURE!—This plucky English girl just couldn't keep above water when divers were seeking millions in sunken treasure. So down she went and twice nearly lost her life in the attempt!—but she would have tried again had the professional divers threatened to quit in the face of such competition.

GALLEON LOCATED.

The exact site of the vessel has been definitely determined, and the evidence brought to the surface is convincing. The difficulty of the task is to be found in the fact that the tides of centuries have been surging through the hulk, depositing sand layers on sand layers, and even shifting the original position of the vessel.

It is believed that the explosion which sunk the galleon could only have resulted in blowing out the bows and damaging the upper deck. The eloquent testimony to the pres-

ence of the ship has been supplied by the recovery of various pieces of plate, cannon balls, parts of muskets, swords and daggers, a bronze cannon, four feet long with a three-inch bore, and several gold buttons, gold coins, and silver ware. The bronze cannon is the latest item of salvage recovered. A companion piece of iron was brought to the surface several months ago.

A quantity of human bones have also been recovered. The plan-

which is supposed to have formed part of the main mast was lifted to the surface.

The procedure consists of cutting down with the circular saw and bringing everything to the surface.

The work is directly in charge of Captain Irons, harbor master at Dover, assisted by Commander Rickwood, of the royal navy, and all the officials engaged are men skilled in salvage enterprises.

EXPERT DIVERS ALL.

The chief diver, named Williams, who has the Albert medal and the Order of the British Empire, has a fine record of marine work in admiralty service. He is assisted by two experienced divers.

The Duke of Argyll, under an old law, has a claim on the treasure, and everything that is brought to the surface is overhauled and examined by one of the Duke's representatives. About twenty-five local men are employed aiding the divers, pumps and similar duties, in addition to the engineers, motor men and the captain and crew of the steamer, so that Tobermory's population has increased since the arrival of the adventurers.

Extreme care is being taken now that the timbers have been cut into and the workers hope that almost any day will bring forth heaps of gold from the wreck. The cutting machine is operated as carefully as though it were actually cutting gold, for it is feared that the slightest carelessness might result in the damaging of extremely valuable property.

Yet the job is going forward with all speed commensurate with safety to the timbers. It is thought that within a few weeks the question of whether the galleon contains bullion or coins in large quantity will be answered.

THE LAURENTIC'S GOLD.

While the private company of adventurers are rushing their quest to completion, the British government is quietly, so quietly as to be secretive, salvaging the cargo of the White Star liner *Laurentic*, which was sunk off the western coast of Ireland in January, 1917. She was acting as an auxiliary cruiser at the time, which gives the government complete ownership and authority over the hulk.

She went down in twenty fathoms, in a spot exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic gales, and the great pressure of water is said to have transformed the great hull into a compressed twisted mass of wreckage. The pounding of the

wind and tides has covered her with silt and gravel, and the most powerful pumps feasible in the circumstances are being employed to clear the craft of sand and debris.

Explosives are used to blast the plate girders of the liner. Operations can only be carried on in calm weather and this stipulation has set back the work materially, yet the value of the gold and cargo aboard is so great that the government considers the time and labor well spent if in the end the hulk is emptied of its contents.

THE DEPTH LIMIT.

The depth at which the *Laurentic* lies is close to the limit, at which divers can work. A special chamber has been prepared in the salvaging vessel for treating cases of bends and "caisson disease," due to pressure of air and water which the divers contract in the depths.

Absolutely no information is given out regarding the progress of the work officially. It has been stated unofficially that approximately \$5,000,000 has been salvaged this year from the vessel, but the gold that remains in the liner is a secret which the treasury department is keeping a close secret, and so successful has the secret been kept that only the vaguest conjectures are heard.

The total loss has been variously estimated at from \$25,000,000 to \$40,000,000, but whether this includes the value of the ship or only the amount of gold and imperishables aboard is only conjectural.

An official of the admiralty stated recently that the treasury had kept the knowledge of the vessel's value to itself for two years and that every man of the wrecking party is specifically sworn to secrecy. The successful silence of all concerned in the expedition is not the least remarkable phase of the undertaking.

that the *Grosvenor*, a finely built and fully armed ship, cleared with 150 passengers and crew. Six months later, on December 4, 1882, five men crawled into Swellendam, Cape Colony, after incredible adventures and hardships by land and sea.

Three weeks later eleven other men of the ill-starred liner were found. The remaining 134 were never seen in Africa, alive or dead, and their end remains one of the many tragedies of British expansion around the world.

It was on August 4, in early morning that the *Grosvenor* drove ashore. A heavy sea was running, and the great ship of that time, strong with the strength of teak timbers, began to break up.

A raft was quickly put together, but was smashed to splinters as soon as it went overside. A line was finally carried ashore, and by that precarious strand several of those aboard managed to reach land, after merciless buffeting from the waves.

FOURTEEN DROWNED.

Later, a part of the ship in which most of the passengers had swarmed for safety, or a semblance of safety, was broken off and was washed ashore by the billows and wind. But before that, fourteen had been drowned.

Whatever joy they may have felt at their arrival on land was quickly diminished as the perils that faced them on land were appreciated. There were men and women and some children, too, in the middle of a waste of wilderness, without weapons worthy of the name, with hostile natives sweeping through the country, with no food fit to eat, with no clothing save the rags they wore.

HUNDREDS OF MILES OF NAMELESS.

dangerous land lay between them and white habitations. But they decided to go on toward the Cape settlement. Little is known of the nature of that journey. The stories of the survivors, carefully preserved as they have been on the reports of the East India Company and by local tradition, show that natives were encountered who looted all the valuables from the party, taking even the trinkets of the women.

Every foot of the wayfarers' wanderings was watched by the hostile tribes of savages. Often rivers forced the exhausted men to the building of rafts. Food?

At one time they encountered a dead whale, washed ashore on the coast and they devoured it with glee. Another day a dead seal was found; on this the castaways gorged themselves.

DAYS OF AGONY.

As days of agony and privation continued, the company grew fewer and fewer. Many died along the way. Some had to be left to die because they were too weak to continue. What happened to those women and men, thus abandoned is not definitely known and there are few, even after a century and a half, who care to speculate on their fate.

But 115 days after the *Grosvenor* was broken up in the sea after a journey of horror through 800 miles, the squad of survivors reached a farm on the Zwartkops river, and came thus to safety, bringing the first news of the wreck.

And now after a century and a half, the gold and jewels that the *Grosvenor* carried may be uncovered almost any hour. And if there is aught in the superstition that tragedy clings to gems, the jewels of the *Grosvenor* would seem to radiate recollections of horror, to transmit misfortune, but fear of seen or unseen dangers is not in the reckoning of those that are delving until a treasure ward the rich wreckage to-day.

It was on June 13 of that year

Eating Shrimps Now Paris Fad

PARIS, Sept. 30.

WOULD you be in the social swim in Paris? Eat shrimps!

Since King Alfonso set the fashion at Deauville, where his majesty is stated to have eaten from two to five hundred shrimps daily, Paris society has taken up the fad and "shrimp parties" are all the fashion.

According to Spanish physicians, shrimps contain a body-building element which soothes the nerves and gives the eater new vigor.